

the

Diamond



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1961

the

VOLUME 6

Diamond

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In Memorium

Enclosed is a small sum to help pay the expenses of publishing the Diamond, it is in memory of Jack Hambleton of Pickering, who died on Thursday, Oct 25. Jack, who was a well-known author and newspaperman, was a big-hearted chap. He would rather have had the money spent on the work your magazine is doing than on flowers he could no longer see or smell. May the Diamond have every success!

(Name Withheld)

TO OUR READERS...

The preceeding page was beyond any doubt, the greatest tribute that has ever been paid to the Diamond. It is, in fact, such a great tribute that we are unable to express what we sincerely feel in our hearts. We can say that we are sorry to hear that such an eminent figure has passed away. We can say that we are proud to have been deemed worthy of such tribute. We can say that we will attempt to fulfill our duty according to the manner which might have met with approval by Mr. Jack Hambleton. We can say thank you.

But these things are not sufficient. These things do not even mar the surface. These things are only words, and words cannot ever replace feelings, and the feelings that are with us cannot ever be expressed.

At a time like this, I feel much more inadequate than ever before. I feel that there is something out there in the darkness that must be said. Perhaps there are words somewhere that would express my feelings. Unfortunately I cannot find these words, and I'm sorry.

The money which was donated by our anonymous reader comes in very handy, but this, or any other thing can only be inferior to the tribute; paid to us indirectly by Mr. Jack Hambleton.

WARDEN'S MESSAGE — CHRISTMAS, 1961.

*I would like to express to all inmates at Collin's Bay Penitentiary the best wishes of all staff Officers for a **Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.***

I am sure that the spirit of GOOD WILL TOWARDS MAN can mark your celebration of the Festive Season and that the activities which are planned for you this Christmas, even though you are separated from your families and loved ones, will help to brighten the day.

I hope that all of you will be encouraged with the thought that assuredly brighter days lie in store for those who look to the future with a sense of preparedness.

*To all of you a very **Merry Christmas.***

V. S. J. RICHMOND,
Warden.



HOLIDAY GREETINGS

*A **Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year** is a universal greeting common to all Nations. I recall other Christmas' and New Years when I was separated from the one's I loved and respected. I am sure that during this festive season your thoughts will be with your wives, children, mothers, fathers, relatives and friends.*

*We have progressed tremendously during 1961 and I am positive we will continue at an accelerated pace in 1962. It will indeed be a Happy New Year for the majority here — may I be allowed to wish you and your loved ones a very **MERRY CHRISTMAS and a real HAPPY NEW YEAR.***

F. SMITH,
Deputy Warden.

I remember Christmas and I cry.



REMEMBER

REMEMBER

REMEMBER

REMEMBER

I remember when I was eight years old, we lived in a small town. There was my father and my mother and two younger brothers. My brothers were still too young to understand what Christmas was. They were even too young to talk.

The house in which we lived was very tiny. It had only three rooms. There were two bedrooms and a third room which was used as a kitchen, dining room and living room combined.

My parents were very poor. We always tried to save money, and ate only the bare necessities, but we were a happy family.

In the winter our little house was cold and I remember helping my father pack snow around the house. He told me that this would insulate the house and make it warmer. The house was heated by a small oil burner, and I remember that frequently we could not pay for the oil and sometimes had to ask the oil-man to extend credit. Even then, sometimes the house was cold.

The water that we used to drink came from a well about thirty yards from the house. In the winter that well would freeze up so that we would have to prime it with warm water and sometimes we could not get it to work and we would have to walk to the neighbour's house for fresh water. This was my job. I was the water carrier. I hated this job because the people would always give me funny looks, but I did this job because it was the wish of my parents.

In the summer things were better. There was still the knowledge that we were poor lingering about the house, but the weather was generally warm and we could save the money that we had to pay for oil in the winter.

But I remember Christmas; the Christmas when I was eight. I remember coming home from school several days before Christmas and asking my mother for something to eat. My mother sat in her old, wooden chair and cried because there was nothing to eat and the store from which we usually bought our groceries would not give us any further credit. I remember my mother telling me that my father had gone to another town to try and get some work or borrow some money.

It was always we children who ate if there was insufficient. My father would often do without and walk into the living room to sit and think and shake his head and look sad. He would always say that he was not hungry.

When my father went away to the other town, sometimes he would not return until the next day; sometimes he would be stranded on the highway — in blizzards, but he never complained. He knew that he must find a way to feed us and clothe us and keep us warm.

I remember when I went to school, some of the other kids would laugh at me because I wore old clothes. I used to have many fights with the kids at school and I would come home with bruised faces and bloody noses. My mother always asked me what happened, but I never told her the truth. . . maybe I might tell her that I had a fight over a baseball game, but I would never really tell. . . not the truth, because I knew that this would hurt her and she would tell my father and it would make him feel sad and inadequate.

Then finally, the big day arrived. It was Christmas. My father had been able to get some work in a neighbouring town. He brought home some presents and two small chickens. The chickens weren't very fat and didn't look like they had much to eat on them, but they sure looked delicious. My mother took the two chickens and put them on a shelf built against the side of the wall on the outside. This was our refrigerator in the winter. I remember staying awake most of the night just thinking of eating the chicken the next day.

We were all looking forward to the chicken dinner. I remember that my mother was planning how to cook them. She was excited. Dad pretended to be excited too, but he wasn't a good pretender. I knew somehow that he was still sad inside. I sensed that he wished he could give us all much more than what he had, but I could not say anything to him because I was not sure . . . about anything. I had thoughts, but they were just sort of feeling thoughts, they had no basis. But I felt sorry for my father. I wished then that I was old enough to help him; to do something.

I remember that Christmas morning. I shall never forget it. The other two children were too young to remember much, but I remember. On Christmas morning, we always went to the tree together; as a family and opened the presents. That Christmas, even though there was not much to open, it was the same. I was the first to awaken and I went in and got my father out of bed. It seemed like a thousand

years before everyone was ready to open their presents, but soon it was over and we children played with our toys.

When we were playing with our toys, my father and mother sat talking about Christmas in other places; about how nice it would have been if only the boys could have enjoyed those times. My father said that maybe it was better that the boys hadn't enjoyed other years because then they would realize what they were missing. My father said that it was not much of a Christmas, but that maybe next year would be better.

I did not like to see my father sad like he seemed, so I went into the room and kissed him and thanked him for the presents. My father smiled and lifted me up and bounced me around for a while. Then he kissed me and told me to go kiss my mother.

Suddenly my father seemed stern. I thought maybe I had done something wrong, but then he began to speak. I can't remember all of what he said, but I can remember some of it. My father said that it was not a very good Christmas for us. He said that he knew I wanted a bicycle. He said: "I guess it must be hard for you to go out there and see all the nice things that the other boys have. I wish I could give you everything you want, but I can't, I can only give you everything I have."

Most of what he was saying was plain enough, but near the end of his talk, I got lost a little bit. I knew that it was something important and very solemn and I started to cry because there was something so strange and sorrowful and full of hurt in my father's voice.

My father started to laugh then, and he called me a big baby and poked me in the stomach several times and we all started to laugh.

My mother thought that it would be best to start cooking the chickens early. Mother went out to the back steps and reached up onto the shelf for the chickens. As she was coming back through the door, my mother emitted a short, sad shriek and began to cry. Father ran out to the back steps and took the chickens from my mother. She was still sobbing.

The chickens had been eaten during the night by some animals, presumably rats. There was not much left of the chickens, only the bones and a little meat.

My mother cried for most of the day, not because of the chickens so much, but because everything seemed to work against us. I also cried for a long time; I cried because I had been counting on eating chicken for dinner.

The only person who held up under the crisis was Dad. He joked about the chickens. He said we shouldn't feel bad, because there were many people who were much worse off than we. Father tried to cheer the family. He cleaned up the house for mother and I helped him. We finally got mother to cook us some hamburger for dinner, and I was so sad, looking into the tormented faces of my parents that I wanted to cry. I know that I would have cried if I did not realize that that would only make them more unhappy.

After dinner it looked as if the afternoon was going to be very long and uneventful, but my mother brightened up and suggested that my father should take me skating and he did so. He took me out onto the river. He tied my skates on for me and then he took me out onto the ice and pulled me around. After a while he let me try to skate by myself, but it didn't work too well. I kept falling down.

Soon we were both tired and we headed back to the house.

When we reached home, mother had some hot toddy ready for us and some sandwiches. We drank the toddy and ate the sandwiches and then after a while we sang some Christmas Carols.

When we had finished singing all the carols that we could think of, my father said it was past my bed time and sent me off to bed.

I went to the room which I shared with my two brothers, undressed, and got into bed. My father came in and sat on my bed for a few moments. He traced patterns with his fingers in my hair, but said nothing.

"Good night, son," he said as he started for the door.

"Good night, Dad," I said, and then as he was reaching for the door, I said, "Merry Christmas, Dad."

My father turned full around and looked right at me. There was enough light coming into my room from the hall that I could see his face. I'm sure that I saw two big tears rolling down his cheeks as he said in a low, sincere voice, "Thank you, son."

This is the Christmas that I shall ever remember above all others, because this is the Christmas that was made of love.

The

DELEGATES

At last the world is confronted with a crisis. It is quiet. The belligerence has mysteriously left the delegates of the world's two major powers. When we last saw these two eminent arguers, they were overjoyed at the thought of dispensing with argument and resorting to threat. But after the few initial threats, they discovered that they were frightening each other and mildly disturbing the peoples of the world.

Ashamed and disheartened, the two delegates went into temporary retirement. Sam, the dauntless crusader of democracy fled to the slums of Brooklyn, while Oshkabobolov, the bold bearer of the communistic banner took refuge in the salt mines situated in Siberia.

Silence is golden to the poet, but to a world that is accustomed to insult and argument, it is devastatingly frightful. So long as the two major powers are occupied with argument, they are harmless, but when a brooding silence pervades, then it is the time to worry. Nerves were all on edge; they are still all on edge. People are worried. Who will make the first move? What will it be?

Resourceful as ever, Sam creates an idea. He will lead the world out of its stupor. The economic situation is not faring so well at home, and Reliable old Sam is going to fix everything.

What the world needs: supposes Sam, is a mock war.

Over a long distance phone, Sam speaks to Oshkabobolov. "Listen, Oss old boy, I have an idea."

"Click," the phone hangs up. Apparently, Oshkabobolov wants no part of Sam's idea.

Sam is flustered. He is angry.

Again Sam phones: "Now listen, pal" says he. "If you want to clear up this situation, you'd better listen to me."

"Oh, alright," sighs Oshkabobolov, "go ahead and talk."

"Well, it's this way," says Sam. "We are facing an economic failure. We must manufacture weapons, or find some other way of balancing the economy. I was thinking that we might start a mock war. You fellows can move troops into Berlin and we can also move troops into Berlin. We will get our factories producing weapons, sign more men up in the services, and BANG, we'll have everything running smoothly again. Besides, people are frightened about this infernal silence. As soon as we've balanced everything out, we can get back to debating after a while. Well?"

"Okay Sam, but no monkey-business."

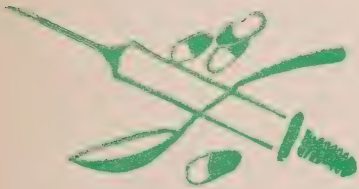
"Word of honour, Oss."

"Then I'm for it."

A lengthy conversation ensued, but most of it was quite insignificant. The delegates asked after the welfare of each other's family and finally hung up their respective phones, packed their travelling bags, and prepared to get back into the thick of world affairs.

Such is the life of a delegate.

The time for society to entertain some concrete thoughts toward its increasing drug problem is here. Now! Not tomorrow or the next day, but now. Tomorrow is here. You can wait, tacitly hoping and praying that your family will not be affected, but day by day the tragic knowledge will be forced upon you. You will finally realize that the unthinkable can happen; your son or daughter could be the next to succumb. Unless you, as a taxpayer and citizen, elucidate yourself promptly, this menace will spread its tentacles of destruction into your snug, complacent lives! This menace heeds no sociological barriers; no environmental fences. The slum shack and the modern urban home are equally susceptible with no distinction. Either facilitates about as much protection as a shopping bag against a nuclear warhead. It can't happen to you though, eh? Shed your minds of such illusory reflections.



Bearing in mind that our basic laws were conceived in the text of Britain's Criminal Code, there appears to have been a drastic malfunction in transposing the initial English concepts into the Canadian way of life. However, one factor remains so isolated that it is startlingly obvious: England has never had a drug problem! Why? Because she has intelligently refused to offer the bait; namely, a piece of legislation that would pave the way for large scale, illegal distribution. Moreover, outside the orient (where opium

TOMORROW

IS

HERE

has been a household commodity for generations) the only two countries

Since legislation put into effect the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act, two significant achievements have been wrought; indescribable profits in illicit drugtrafficking, and an increase in the number of drug addicts. This is certainly not an achievement to be proud of. Despite efforts to improve the accuracy and comprehensiveness of our criminal statistics, we are at a loss to define accurately just how many addicts there are in our Dominion. However, a de-emphasized figure of 5000 would not be incorrect. With a population of seventeen million, 5000 habitual users of drugs reflects alarming concern, especially when you compare this figure with that of the mother country. Great Britain, which has a population of forty-five million, contains only 333 drug addicts. United Nations statistics disclosed that Canada contains better than 200 hundred addicts per million compared to 6 per million in the mother-country.

that are experiencing serious social narcotic problems are the two nations whose laws contain such legislation; the United States with its Harrison Act, and Canada with her Opium and Narcotic Drug Act.

The effects resulting from the use of narcotics are manifold and difficult to describe accurately because of the multiple factors involved; factors such as the biological, psychological, and emotional aspects. To the addict, it is the crutch needed to support the sensitivity of one who has endured psychological turmoil, and leads him to appreciations that offer escape from the norm. Not aware of these psychic disturbances, he becomes a slave to his unconscious. The drug is merely the instrument necessary to accomplish the end, and he then finds no problem insurmountable. (Save, of course, the money for the *connection* at the next *meet*). Ensuing this, there is a complete relaxation from anxiety and mental strain, with little awareness of time elapsing and ultimate freedom from worry. I hesitate to compare it with other human pleasures. "Like dad, everything's fine when I got mine. This is it!" And there's no disputing the fact that everything is fine...temporarily, at least.

However, the breakdown of the individual as a personality is the most devastating effect of the usage of drugs. Physically, morally, and mentally, he becomes a shell of existence, subservient to the drug. It is all that is left in this life to offer him peace of mind.

Dr. David Stewart, one-time consulting psychiatrist to the Ontario Department of Reform's Drug Clinic at Mimico, in an address at Hamilton's McMaster University in August of 1959, more than adequately summed

up just what drug addiction is, when he said; "It is a slavish devotion to the experience of a habituary drug MORE POWERFUL AND MORE COMPELLING THAN THE DICTATES OF ONE'S HIGHEST VALUES AND PRINCIPLES."

Until we realize that drug addiction is so much more than a snaring of the mind rather than the body, our fight against the problem is destined to complete failure we have been facing every day. Up until the present second, the only uniform consistency in society's treatment of the addict has been the same thing... a jail cell. It's mandatory! Because of ignorance this form of retributive chastisement has resulted in the multiplication of the user. There's no sense attempting to vindicate this type of deterrent unless you're satisfied that it is humanely accomplishing its task. But I am certain that an intelligent society is not about to condone a practice that is increasing its problem rather than decreasing it.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who are the enforcers of Federal Law, have clearly signified their intentions of dealing with the problem. In the revised 1952 Edition of Law and Order in Canadian Democracy, they state; "Obviously, there are only two approaches to the problem — attack addiction and attack trafficking." Well, after decades of attacking, we are still suffering the weight of increased drug addiction. Canada now has more penitentiaries being built, more people being sentenced to jail terms, and above all, a ridiculous increase in the number of drug addicts. Just how much longer are we going to continue banging our heads against a brick wall of complacency?

Many theories have been advanced insofar as to the handling of this social cancer. It does not appear that the solutions are long range and intricate. Present rehabilitation facilities are inadequate or non-existent, while retributive punishment remains an ineffectual deterrent. There is no pattern of uniformity in treatment, nor any similarity in the sentencing of addicts by the courts. A Toronto magistrate, in sentencing an addict arrested for illegal possession of narcotics to three years imprisonment, voiced the opinion that it wasn't his duty to try and find a cure for the addict, but to ostracize him from society for as long as it seemed feasible, and for as long as was permitted by the prescribed law of the land. While forty-two miles away, a criminal court magistrate in Hamilton continually made references to the fact that an addict was a sick human being, needing medical attention rather than a prison sentence. This differentiation in judicial attitudes is an added drawback to be overcome.

Some serious attempts have been made in recent years. The Ontario Government opened an experimental drug clinic at Mimico in an effort to shoulder its share of responsibility. Unfortunately an addict is unable to avail himself of its services, because he must be a sentenced inmate who is under the jurisdiction of the province before he is eligible for treatment. By that time he has weathered the agonizing pangs of withdrawal, and has physically righted himself. It is not difficult to become embittered while lying on the cement floor of a cell,

pleading for humane treatment and having it denied you because of fear and ignorance. Nevertheless this step by the Ontario Department of Reform is a meritorious one. In British Columbia, where illicit trafficking in narcotics has reached alarming proportions, have also commenced to pioneer in an attempt to curb the menace. Denied federal support, however, there is little that the municipalities or provinces can do, for the rigid federal laws seriously prohibit them; they are handcuffed.

The need for trained personnel is acute. More basic research into the physical, mental, emotional, and environmental factors involved is a prime requisite. Possibly a periodic psychological diagnosis following treatment would be advisable. Just as you are inoculated against polio, so too, this may serve the similar purpose in the war against addiction.

The trouble with starting such an extensive program is that it cannot help appearing abstract and colourless beside the all too vivid account of the problem itself. Perhaps Dr. Stewart provides a partial solution; "The emotional or self-intoxication that has taken place needs to be treated before real recovery can be assured."

In conclusion, it is imperative to bear this thought in mind: we can no longer just hope the problem will be benignly sublimated with the passing of time. Some concrete action rather than oratorical prowess is needed.

"The years, like great black oxen tread the earth.

Time, the herdsman, goads them on.
I am Crushed beneath their passing feet."

Williard Moxley



Summer has faded fast, and the green of the grass and the trees will be gone for another year. The painters at this institution, no doubt had this thought in mind when they commenced to paint all the bars and screens around the cell blocks in a soothing pastel green. Previously all these things were black; a dull, depressing black; reminiscent of nothing but the darkness in the world.

Now, the outside appearance of the institution has been greatly enhanced. It adds a certain light to the building.

For this spicv little renovation, the inmates and officials are indebted to the men of the paint gang, who have worked long and hard in an effort to brighten up the institution, and who have succeeded in doing so.



The painters started what we might call "Operation Greensleeves" in early autumn and continued to work until the weather became inclement. They could be seen, on almost any day, climbing ladders or swinging from bars and screens, clinging to their ever so sacred buckets of green paint. And, on almost any day, the remainder of the population could hear the soft, musical pitter patter of little brushes slapping and swishing against the bars. The scraping sound of dragging ladders was ever present as the painters continued to add a nostalgic reminder of summer days to the otherwise ominous structure.

Needless to say, much comment passed among the ranks of the inmates, some complimentary, some abusive, but nevertheless, all concerned with the same subject — the institution's wearin' o' th' green. In spite of praise and derogatory remarks, the painters proceeded to fulfill their duty. During the course of this operation, no accidents occurred from ladder falls, no buckets of green paint accidentally slipped and fell upon the head of any unsuspecting victim, and nothing out of the ordinary happened except that the institution was steadily growing greener and greener.

And now the job is finished. The bars and screens are green. They are a rare delight, especially to the early morning bird watcher, who can catch an inspirational glimpse of the first fickle flash of sun glimmering and dancing upon the barred windows in front of his cell. It is a blessing to behold. It is a tower of strength for the weak to lean upon; an image of hope and faith; a portent of better things for the future

DIAMOND PRESENTS

SERIES OF UNIQUE ARTICLES

During the next several months the Diamond will feature a series of articles based on the lives of penitentiary inmates. These articles will be factual. Only names and revealing circumstances will be changed to ensure the anonymity of the inmates concerned.

It is hoped that the presentation of such a series will cast some light onto the factors which form the "criminal personality". Each one of these men has been subjected to a peculiar environment. Each one has faced problems similar to those of his fellow man, and each has faced problems unique to himself. How the individual men coped with these and similar situations will highlight the series.

The question, "What is a criminal, and why?" will be the rough frame in which these articles will work. And for the first time, the Diamond will attempt to give an answer. Why we feel qualified for such an undertaking should, of course, be obvious.

The editorial staff, in preparing these articles, often acts as a chronologist, simply setting down the facts. There will be no room for unqualified opinion. All of the articles will be written factually, thereby enabling the reader to form his own opinion.

We feel that it will be of interest to the reader to note just when and where a man takes his first tentative steps into crime. Often it is at an early age, almost as soon as he begins to perceive himself. In other cases crime pokes its black head through to the surface in some juvenile delinquency act. Again, some turn to crime at a later age, after they have reached middle age.

The anti-social act can take many forms. And the reasons behind the acts are just as numerous. It is our intention to label these behaviours. Only infrequently will we try to interpret them.

In some cases well known examples of criminal behaviour will be seen. In others, the situations will be peculiarly unique. The reader will undoubtedly see himself flashing through these pages from time to time. The comparisons and contrasts should be both interesting and educational.

Many years ago it was believed that criminality was inherited. "Like father like son!" We have long since passed that stage. The factors that enter into the criminal personality are as complex as the mathematical formulae for constructing an H-Bomb. No one factor can account for this type of behaviour.

The Canadian Red Cross Society has never been disappointed with the turnout of blood donors from any of the institutions in the Kingston area. The percentage of donors has always wavered around the seventy mark, and the inmates have been justly proud of this showing.

Now it seems that there is another institution which has followed the fine example set by Collin's Bay and local institutions, and that institution is the Beaver Creek Correctional Camp.

On October 30, the warden of Collin's Bay received a copy of a letter from the Canadian Red Cross Society commending the inmates of the Beaver Creek Camp for their excellent attendance

Below is print a copy of the letter:

The Canadian Red Cross Society

Superintendent D. J. Halfhide,
Beaver Creek Correctional Camp,
P.O. Box 1240,
Gravenhurst, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Halfhide:

On behalf of the Canadian Red Cross Society I wish to thank you and your staff for the excellent co-operation we received in connection with the Blood Donor Clinic in Gravenhurst on October 24th, 1961.

We were extremely pleased that such a high percentage of the inmates attended the clinic and would like to pass on to the 38 men our appreciation for their commendable response.

Please find enclosed the blood group identification cards for the men who do not have theirs.

Yours sincerely,
Anglea Mole

P
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O
J
E
C
T

GOOD

NEIGHBOUR

A great percentage of the people in Newfoundland were the victims of a ruthless forest fire this year. The call for assistance went out across the country and money began to pour into Premier Smallwood. It came from large cities and from small towns — and it came from Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

Shortly after the disaster, CKWS radio responded to Newfoundland's plea with "Project Good Neighbour", a round the clock broadcast aimed at securing funds for the impoverished people. The announcers played requests, answered phones, appealed to the population of Kingston, and continuously mentioned the amount pledged. Slowly the sum swelled.

At the same time, inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary began to think about the disaster area. They wanted to help also. Several of the men, under the direction of Deputy Warden Fred Smith, petitioned over the radio and around the cell blocks. The project was sanctioned by the penitentiary officials and they gave the men their full co-operation. The inmates in our radio room initiated a special request show for the specific purpose of raising funds for Newfoundland.

The first step of the project was to sell the inmates on the idea of helping their fellow men. This was no problem and was handled very aptly by Frank Brewer and Len Heels, both of whom handled the broadcasting chores for the evening.

The second step was the actual soliciting of pledges from the inmate population. This was done by Joe Smith, Buddy Whalen and Bill Clark, who went to individual cells asking the men in them if they would be willing to donate — and how much.

The third step was to have the inmates who had pledged assistance, sign receipts so that their money could be released from the accountants office. With all this finished there was only the job left was that of centralizing the funds and mailing them to CKWS who would then forward them to Premier Smallwood at the capitol in Newfoundland. The final stages of the operation were handled by Deputy Warden Fred Smith.

CKWS was extremely receptive to the idea as was Premier Smallwood of Newfoundland. The inmates also like the idea. They donated ninety-seven dollars, which is an excellent percentage when one considers that this amount comes from only Four hundred and Fifty men. The display of good neighbourliness was so much appreciated that CKWS played several records on their show in recognition of the inmates' munificent display in contributing with no thought of self-gain, so willingly, to such a worthy cause.

Deputy Warden Fred Smith also received a letter of appreciation from CKWS and we have been asked to print this letter, so that the inmates will know that their efforts were appreciated.

RADIO STATION

CKWS

FRONTENAC BROADCASTING CO. LTD.
5000 WATTS — DIAL 960
RADIO-TELEVISION CENTRE
KINGSTON — 2-4977

Deputy Warden F. Smith
Collin's Bay Penitentiary
P.O. Box 190
Kingston, Ontario

Dear Mr. Smith:

I was most pleasantly surprised to receive your phone call and to have you tell me that the inmates of the penitentiary had conducted a fund raising campaign among themselves to help our "Project Good Neighbour" Campaign conducted several weeks ago on CKWS Radio. I have notified Premier Smallwood of Newfoundland of the inmates' generosity, and as soon as we receive your cheque it will be forwarded immediately to campaign headquarters in the Province's capitol.

On behalf of all the people of Newfoundland and all of us here at CKWS Radio, would you please express through the "Diamond" or some other suitable means, my heartfelt thanks to each and every inmate who participated in this very commendable effort. I think they are to be congratulated for their thoughtfulness.

Yours very truly
Carl L. Cogan
Program Director

Bank of Montreal

Confederation Building Branch
St. John's Nfld.

5th October, 1961

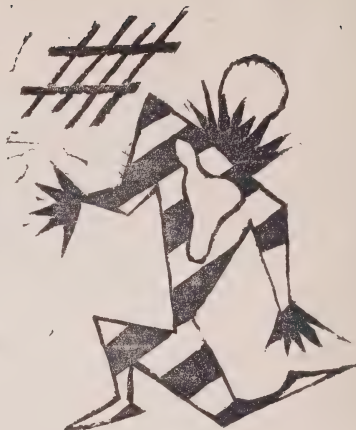
The Inmates,
Collin's Bay Penitentiary,
Kingston, Ontario.

Gentlemen:

We have received through the Kingston Junior Chamber of Commerce and Radio Station CK-WS your cheque for \$94.98 in aid of the Newfoundland Forest Fire Fund. We understand this was the result of an inmate-inspired collection from all of you, and we are very grateful for the personal sacrifice you have made.

You may be assured that this is a most worthwhile addition to our fund and will be of considerable assistance in helping those who have suffered.

Yours Sincerely,
Honorary Treasurer,
(A. R. Bell).



We are the hollow men
 We are the stuffed men
 Learning together
 Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
 Our dried voices, when
 We whisper together
 Are quiet and meaningless
 As wind in dry grass
 Or rats' feet over broken glass
 In our dry cellar
 Shape without form, shade without
 colour,
 Paralysed force, gesture without
 motion;
 Those who have crossed
 With direct eyes, to death's other
 Kingdom
 Remember us — if at all — not as lost
 Violent souls, but only
 As the hollow men
 The stuffed men.

From *The Hollow Men*

T. S. Eliot

May this family always be,
Stout and strong,
As the strongest tree;
And may the good Lord bring to thee,
Love, happiness, and prosperity,
Around your Christmas tree.
And in the New Year,
May you see,
How very much,
You mean to me.

— D. D. C.

By

To the man who marries an ugly wife,
lamp lights an even deeper darkness.

Glaucus

MANY TIMES TOLD

For start —
no other where but here,
no when but now.
Whoever waits upon release from
present state
Does but prolong (by instant-inch)
pact with his own imprisonment;
While he who risks first step in space:
Ah how (as he goes) he lands on base!
How airs that have roared through
dread abyss
Fan into wings beneath his leap;
And seas—how seas still part for him,
However deep.

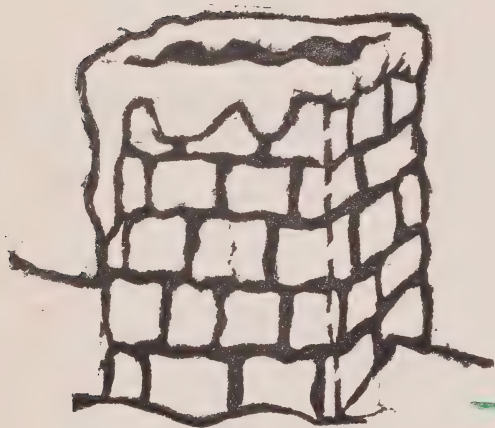
submitted by
C. J. T. West.

Poems

Inmates



HO
HO
HO!



AND TO ALL
A GOOD NIGHT



MERRY

CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY

NEW

YEAR



Evolution in the field of penology again made itself apparent last month, when an inmate from Collin's Bay Penitentiary was permitted to attend a lecture series at Queen's University.

The inmate who attended this series of four lectures has been taking extra mural courses from Queen's for two years now. The lectures were all concerned with the various aspects of journalism, and according to the inmate, were both entertaining and educational.

INMATE



LECTURE

The lectures were held at Queen's on consecutive Tuesdays and Thursdays, in the evenings. The inmate left the institution accompanied by the educational director C. R. Hogeboom at approximately eight o'clock in the evenings and was frequently outside the prison for three or four hours.

The opportunity to attend these lectures was a gigantic forward step, both for the penitentiary, and for the inmate concerned.

During his trips to the university, the inmate met with various Queen's students, with the editorial staff of the Queen's Journal, and with some very eminent newspapermen; quite a change from the environment to be found within the walls.

The lectures were sponsored by the Queen's Journal and the A. M. S. Society.

ATTENDS

The only nauseating thing that came out of these lectures is that now this particular inmate has taken it upon himself to dictate what the policy of the Diamond should be, how we should lay it out, what colours we should use, and other little trivialities with which no one has ever been too concerned.

SERIES

Yet, putting all facetious comments aside, this is a major step toward bigger and better things for the future, and it is things like this that are pushing the Canadian Penal attitude toward the top of the ladder. It is extremely refreshing to see authorities of this institution take an active interest in the welfare of deserving inmates.

KICK OFF

A very successful football season was just recently completed here at Collin's Bay.



The season commenced in late August when four teams were selected, assigned managers and captains, and sent out upon the gridiron to battle through a fifteen game regular season.

The original four teams, all of which remained in the league for the duration, were the Blue Bombers managed by Red McDermott and captained by George Preston, the Tiger-Cats managed by Billy MacIsaac and captained by big bad, John Grabouski, the Argonauts managed by P. M. and captained by Harvey Babin, and finally the Eskimos managed by Dino Kanary and captained by Jim Armour.

At the beginning of the season, the Eskimos rolled easily over all opposition to hold down first place in the league. The Blue Bombers were in second and the Argos and Ti-Cats were still fighting for their initial win.

This complexion soon changed however, as the Argos and Ti-Cats began to smash the opposition. The Eskimos were soon sent sprawling to the cellar, but the Bombers managed to keep up the pace and finally wound up in first place. The Tiger-Cats were second and the Argos were third.

This was how the regular season terminated. The football that was played was good, hard fought football and no team could be ashamed to lose.

Then came the play-offs.

by

Ed Emsley

In the semi-final, a sudden death decision, it was the Argos and the Tiger-Cats in the spotlight. Early in the second quarter of this game the Argos made the first score when Harvey Babin pulled in a pass deep in Tiger-Cats territory and bolted thirty yards for a touchdown. The convert attempt was not good. From the kick-

off the Tiger-Cats began to roll, penetrating deep into Argo territory. They were stopped at the thirty five yard line and Billy MacIsaac was forced to kick for a single point. Argos again went on the offensive. They marched into Ti-Cat territory, but were forced to kick for a single point. After this point the Ti-Cats appeared to start rolling, but were stopped short when—Druce intercepted for the Argos and ran into the end zone for the touchdown. Ernie Coates converted and the game ended with the Argos victorious by a fourteen to one score.

In the championship deciding two game total point series, the Argos again were successful. This series was so hard fought that many of the participants are still suffering from bruises sustained during the games.

The final series proceeded as follows:

In the opening game, the Bombers took the lead early in the game when Ben Bannach kicked for a single point. This score stood until the final quarter when Harvey Babin intercepted for Argos and ran for the touchdown. Ernie Coates converted the touchdown and the game ended with the Argos leading the series seven to one.

In the second game, a virtual mud bowl, the Argos drew first blood when Larry Fairbairn blocked an attempted field goal and ran eighty yards for a touchdown. Preston, Reade, and McDermott were hot in pursuit of Fairbairn, but he had the element of surprise on his side and built up a good lead which was difficult to overtake. The convert attempt was no good.

From this point on it was really a battle. The Bombers penetrated deep into Argo territory several times, but the Argo line pushed them back each time. Then in the second quarter Ben Bannach took a pass from George Preston and dodged for the score from the five yard line. Preston converted to set the score at thirteen to eight in favour of Argos.

In the third quarter, the Bombers picked up two more points by trapping the Argo quarterback behind the goal line.

The big threat however, came in the dying minutes of the game. The Bombers intercepted an Argo pass with three minutes remaining in the game. After several successful pass completions, the Bombers were settled down on the Argo ten yard line with one minute remaining in the game and the series. Two plays later, and with one play remaining, the Bombers had failed to score. On the final play of the game, the Bombers elected to attempt a field goal. The field goal attempt was wide and went for a single point, so the Argos emerged the victors.

The participants of the semi-final and final series all played well. There were many individual stars, but it would be impossible to give them all credit in the pages that have been allotted for sports. Another reason why top performers have not been credited is because everyone was a top performer and we could not justly say that one was better than another. Every player who walked out onto the field during the finals played well. They were a credit to themselves, a credit to the institution, and a credit to the game of football.



The

Real

Christmas

Gift

Christmas is a time of great happiness and rejoicing, and this, of course, is as it should be. The spirit of friendliness, good will and generosity, so evident at this season is a natural outpouring of our better nature, since the original impulse came from the generosity and love of all all-loving God.

But there is just a word of caution that should be mentioned at this time, in case we are carried away by the external celebration of Christmas, and perhaps lose sight of the cause of our joy. Gifts and feastings are a legitimate adjunct to help us rejoice, but we should remember that the Christmas tree is not the focal point of our blessing, nor are the gifts beneath it, all that we have received.

Christmas has a way of becoming so secularized, so material, even so commercialized, that the very meaning of Christmas can easily be overshadowed or lost in the fuss and turmoil that now surrounds what should be a day of quiet rejoicing, and most assuredly a day of thankfulness for the greatest of all Christmas gifts, the Gift from God of His Only Begotten Son.

So, as Christmas derives its name from the gift to us of the Christ Child, may your celebration of the day include a remembrance of Him, and may the thought of Him and His abiding presence bring you true peace and lasting happiness.

F. M. Devine, S.J.
Catholic Chaplain.

PRISON

INMATES

GRADUATE

by Jim Birnstihl

On Monday, October 2, 1961, the twelfth annual Vocational School graduation ceremony was held in the prison auditorium. Present for the occasion were a number of people vitally interested in the Trades Training program here at Collin's Bay; including Mr. R.W. Cunningham, Supervisor of Vocational and Trades Training, Department of Justice, Ottawa; Mr. R.H. MacCuish, Assistant Director, Vocational Training Branch, Department of Labour, Ottawa; Mr. D.C. McNeil, Director of Apprenticeship, Province of Ontario; and Mr. T.W. Connors, District Boiler and Welder Inspector, Ontario Department of Labour.

A total of seventy three diplomas were awarded. However, only forty six inmates were present to receive their certificates. The remainder had been released.

The diplomas represented achievement in several fields ranging from Carpentry to Electronics, Masonry, Machine Shop practice and theory, Welding Plumbing, Sheet Metal and Motor Mechanics. The courses all require at least nine months of intensive study for the average student.

Mr. C.R. Hogeboom, Supervisor of Education here, took this occasion to present nine inmates with their Grade Eight certificates. Some of these men have covered two or more years of study for their diplomas. They are now qualified to participate in the Vocational Training Program.

Warden V.S.J. Richmond opened the exercises by welcoming the large number of guests, and a group of Chief Vocational Officers from Penitentiaries across Canada. He said that the Vocational Graduation was a high point in the prison year because it illustrated how some of the men had united their misfortune with the facilities here to better their education and practice trade skills.

Warden Richmond congratulated the class of graduates and at the same time expressed a hope that the new class of students would be successful with their studies.

The Chairman for the afternoon, Mr. D.L. Hornbeck, Assistant Chief Vocational Officer at Collin's Bay, introduced Mr. R.W. Cunningham, Supervisor of Vocational Training, Ottawa. Mr. Cunningham brought best wishes from "Head Office" and wished the men every success in the future.

The second speaker of the afternoon was Mr. D.C. McNeil, Director of Apprenticeship for Ontario. To the graduates, Mr. McNeil outlined the nature of services offered by his department. He pointed out that while the provincial Apprenticeship Branch was sometimes limited in what it could do for ex-inmates, often help of a concrete nature could be offered. The Motor Mechanics trade, he said, was one example where help could sometimes be offered.

The special speaker for the exercise was Mr. R.H. MacCuish, Assistant Director, Vocational Training Branch, Ottawa. He was introduced by Mr. Cunningham, who gave a brief outline of his past experience, laying particular stress upon his vocational and academic background.

Mr. MacCuish is an aeronautical engineer, but he has completed a number of vocational courses in schools throughout Canada and the United States.

"Taking part in a ceremony such as this is always a pleasure because it reminds me of the time that I took my trades training," he said. Mr. MacCuish stated that of all the courses he had taken over the years, his courses in trades training had proven to be the most rewarding to him. He recalled several experiences illustrating the fact that a great deal of personal satisfaction can be gained from relating the work of the hands with that of the mind.

Mr. MacCuish also stressed the need for Vocational Training today as compared with needs fifty years ago. "Only one in every three jobs is now occupied by unskilled labour," he said. The long lines at the unemployment offices are not made up of tradesmen and technicians, he said.

The guest speaker also outlined the Department's plans for General Vocational Training in Canada. He said that millions of dollars are being spent annually for vocational schools, and that the Dominion Government is throwing its entire weight behind the "Stay in School" program, which is now being stressed throughout the country. This does not mean that everyone should

stay in school until they have received their university entrance qualifications, he said. But it does mean that tradesmen are being actively encouraged to keep abreast of recent developments in their respective fields. In some industries, he said, a man can be completely out of date within five years if he does not stay informed about findings in his own field.

In closing, Mr. MacCuish congratulated both the graduates and their instructors. He warned the group that the road ahead would be very rough in spots, but he emphasized that success could be had through hard work.

The guest speaker was thanked by Mr. Fred Smith, Deputy Warden, who commented on the number of graduates this year.

Mr. Smith took this occasion to voice an opinion that has long needed airing. He reviewed recent press releases about escaped convicts and the negative publicity attached to these isolated incidents. He said that the press should devote more space to positive achievements, such as Vocational Training, thereby implanting a truer picture of the inmate in society's mind.

The presentation of diplomas was made by Mr. Cunningham, assisted by the Chairman. The students were called to the podium in shop order.

BRICK MASONS — R. Dick, Instructor: Earl Gardiner, Louis Furtak, Arthur Hollister.

CARPENTRY — W. Huff, Instructor: Joseph Kubik, Robert Cojocar, John Cutts, John Sparkes, James Fox, Chester Weeks, James Ross, Donald Noganosh.

ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION

— A. Robinson, Instructor: David McKellar, Robert Cox, Robert Farlinger, Eric McNeil, Franklin Hart, John McBain, Felix Menard, James McDermott.

MACHINE SHOP — A. Bignon, Instructor: Charles McDevitt, William Connell, Herbert Bryan, Allan Thompson, Andrew Papas, David Brown, John Spicer, Albert Esakin, John Bromley, Howard Everingham.

MOTOR MECHANICS — M. Derriek, Instructor: Gilbert Tait, Gordon Reels, Harold Robertson, George Deschene.

PLUMBING and HEATING — C. McQuaide, Instructor: Lorne Cromie, George Legault, James Gibson, Bruce Beechener, Denis Valliers, Joseph Chaboyer.

SHEET METAL — G. Irvine, Instructor: Robert Gough, George Behnke, Victor Brooks, Michale Naskar, Ralph Knowles.

WELDING — W. Parks, Instructor: Keith Meyers, Donald Knight.

Grade Eight certificates were presented to nine inmates by Mr. C.R. Hogeboom: James McNeil, Melville Benedict, Arthur Cote, Elvin Crawford, John Caven, Arnold Mavety, Allan Sholer, Frank Cote and Emerson Crosby.

The American Society of Tool Engineers prize was won this year by Allan Thompson for high marks in the Vocational Machine Shop course. Allan had no experience with this type of work prior to enrollment in the course. Recently he completed a miniature combustion engine, which was displayed at the Congress of Corrections in Toronto last summer.

The Thomas Allen Publisher prize for the highest academic marks in Grade Eight was won by John Gaven. The prize was a Webster Dictionary.

Two awards were also made by Mr. McNeil. Albert Teeple earned his Department of Labour Barbers Certificate. This was the first time that an inmate has been awarded a barbering license here.

In addition to this, Mr. McNeil presented the first Department of Labour Welding Certificate to a vocational trainee. This was awarded to Walter Hughes.

After the formal ceremony a light lunch was served in the Officers' Mess for both inmates and guests. This was one of the few times that inmates have been able to talk freely with such people as Mr. Kirkpatrick, Executive Director, John Howard Society; Mr. McCabe and Mr. Chisson, local representatives of the Society and members of the parole service.

Later in the afternoon a series of films was shown to the graduates and new trainees. One film, "Chief Walking Bull", was filmed recently by the *Moral Rearmament* group of Canada. Two members from *Moral Rearmament*, Mr. R. Bethune and Mr. P. Beeman, introduced the film and explained briefly the reason for its production; to further the cause of world peace.

After the exercise, many of the Chief Vocational Officers expressed amazement that such an event could be organized within the prison. Several of these officers intend to utilize the "graduation ceremony in their own institutions in the future.



Christmas

CANON MINTO SWAN, E.D., M.A.B.D.

The Festival of Christmas is the centre of the Christian faith. It is the observance of the occasion when God came into touch with human life. God became incarnate in the birth of Jesus Christ. This great fact was accomplished in the warmest climate possible—The story of the birth of a Babe into a human family under very striking surroundings.

The basic concept of Christmas on a human level centres in Love and in gifts primarily in a home but spreading out to the wider reaches of life. The Bible record says “God so Loved that He gave” and this is the motivation for all that we do at this happy season of the year. It has been said that no one can enjoy Christmas who does not have Love in his heart and who will not give something to someone he loves, even if it is no more than a kind word.

For many years now, I have closed my Christmas message with the thought that Christmas has a place in Church and in home. We can sing our Carols, join in our worship of the new born King and thank God for His gift in our Chapel. But our hearts and minds will go out to those who are near and dear to us in our homes. May you personally see Christmas in all its fullness and may it mean something to you as I express my wishes for all the best to you but I hope that it will extend into all your homes with all your loved ones and particularly the children. I am sure that this is your hope too.

As we remember Dickens “Christmas Carol” and so as Tiny Tim observed, “God bless us every one”.

Juvenile delinquency has become an increasingly critical problem in this modern era, and this problem is especially evident in the larger towns and cities of the North American Continent. Authorities are, as yet, unable to account for this noticeable increase, and they are greatly perturbed by the situation. One must consider, however, that these dedicated individuals encounter multitudes of juvenile offenders, approximately fifty percent of whom manifest serious signs of anti-social behaviour previous to their eighth year. These individuals must probe for possible contributing factors, sometimes searching into the subconscious. Unlike any other branch of medicine, these men must form their own conclusions as to what might be the determinant factor. The social scientist must examine numerous offenders who bear the mark of anti-socialism; each compelled by different hopes and fears; different backgrounds. The social scientist recognizes that anti-social behaviour, no matter at what age it appears, is symptomatic. He also recognizes that the criminal or delinquent is either employing an acquired pattern of behaviour which has satisfied his requirements in the past, or is reverting to a personality level which affords him some measure of protection or gratification. In many situations juvenile delinquency could be a normal phase of the organism, while in others it could be a problem of such gravity that it might determine whether the child will ever live a normal life; whether he will be consistent in his thoughts; whether he will be capable of coping with problems.



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Environment has often been assessed as the most apparent influence which is exerted upon any life. This is basically true. Environment combined with heredity, moulds the personality of the man. These factors are forever pushing and pulling against one another. They are looking for holes in the other's armour, and they continue to do this until the final second that the man spends on earth.

When we refer to environment, in our everyday speech, we think of the neighbourhood. Some go so far as to say that if the housing facilities are good, then it is a good environment, and the opposite if they are poor. Environment, however, is of far, far greater proportions than just the living quarters. Environment might be summed up as the influence that is exerted upon the individual by persons, places, and things which he comes into immediate contact with. Here, it should be acknowledged that each delinquent is a product of his environment; he knowingly or unknowingly envisions a destination, and he is directed toward this destination by the influence of family and social elements which activate the individual organism.

Juvenile delinquency cannot be attributed to one specific factor, nor can it be attributed to two, or three or more. There are possibly thousands, even millions of factors which might fit the puzzle of one delinquent. These factors are like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, only they are not so easy to assemble, and it is difficult sometimes to determine which is the starting piece, whereas in a puzzle, you can begin anywhere.

Some fragments of the problem could be listed: factors like irresponsible upbringing, unjust punishment, exposure



to boredom, separation of parents, alcoholism in the home, immorality in the home, and numerous other tiny particles, all of which might have an influence on the delinquent.

One of the most common derivations from the environmental aspect of early life is the profound and unfulfilled need in the child for some manner of love or recognition. This determinant factor has been assessed as one of the most apparent propellents toward juvenile infractions, but this is not what we could list as a cause. This factor is more a result than it is a cause. It arises out of other situations, some of which are causes, some of which are results, and some of which are both causes and results — as is the need for recognition. These causes sometimes are so infinitely obscure that they appear intangible. Some causes might be traced as far back as infancy.

Let us further investigate this one phase in the juvenile problem. There is a child. He is not a bad child. He has not been misled, but neither has he been led. The child has somehow developed, and is now infested with an innate need for recognition. He is seeking so intensely that he will completely disregard the legality, the right or wrong of his actions; he will risk anything for a kind word of praise.

It is not difficult for such a situation to develop. The child might, at some time, look to his parents for assistance or approval, and they might brush him aside. Something like this could happen on any day of any week. The child might return home from school with some tiny article he has made at school, or he might have won a race. He is proud of his achievement and he wants

his parents to share this pride with him. He is looking for a kind word of praise; a pat on the back. If the parents fail to display sufficient pride, then not only do they hurt the child's feelings, but they divert the child's love from themselves and force him to seek this elsewhere.

And at this point, when the child is looking elsewhere for the much-needed recognition, he might be drawn into a neighbourhood clique, whose rejection of society appeals to the child. Most anyone can be accepted by the clique, and once accepted, they become a part of it. Still, at this point, there are other factors which might propel the child toward the commitment of infractions against society. The child might be influenced by crime stories on television or in the movies. Some are led astray by already confirmed delinquents, others by elderly criminals. These causes, however, have been in existence for generations without there being any apparent increase in the juvenile problem. Therefore, there must be some recent developments which account for the increase of the criminal attitude in the younger generation.

Recently, in the column of a leading daily newspaper, a police inspector blamed high pressure advertising and open counter merchandising for much of the juvenile shoplifting, which accounts for a great percentage of juvenile crime. The inspector said that such influences create a strong impulse to own whatever is being promoted or displayed so provocatively. This assessment, no doubt, has merit, but certainly it cannot shoulder the entire blame.

When seeking for an answer to the increase of juvenile delinquency, three theoretical causes are borne; the insistence on progress and the rapidity of movement in present day world affairs: The lax disregard of parents for the child's intellect; and the over-indulgence of educational facilities upon the child's intellect.

World affairs, especially as they appear today, have a serious effect upon the youth in our communities. Life is evolving too rapidly for the child's intellect to appreciate. The world affairs are frequently in disorder. There are always wars in some corner of the earth. The ever-lurking theories that the world will soon be totally destroyed do not help the child. He is afraid, because he was born with a fear of death. This is inexplicable, but true. No person knows whether death is good or evil, and they fear it. The inventions of our age; nuclear powered submarines and missiles, atomic and hydrogen bombs; leave the child in an even deeper bubble of fright; uncertainty. These deathly efficient weapons are a constant threat to the entire world, and today's youth grows up beneath their dark shadow. Therefore, the child is not only afraid, he is uncertain.

And the uncertainty brings up the second theory. When a person is uncertain, he will ask a question. The child is the same. The child might inquire after the meaning or significance of a certain matter from his parents. If he is answered, which is unlikely if the question is serious, he will generally be no further ahead than when he asks the original question. The child still does not comprehend, he

is still uncertain. If the child asks a second question, usually he is dismissed curtly and told to stop pestering and go out and play. Needless to say, this type of answer would not satisfy you or I, so why do people suppose that it will satisfy the hungry mind of a child? Why not tell children the truth? Why not satisfy their minds? Why let them wander out into the world disillusioned; not knowing what to expect? If a child asks a question, answer him honestly and to the best of your ability; satisfy his mind. If you do not answer the question; if the child is turned away on such occasions, he will either seek the answer to the question elsewhere, or lodge the thought away in the back of his mind, where it will become an infection that will haunt him. It is not right that a child should be uncertain. There is no such thing as blissful ignorance. Do not contribute to the child's fears, and this can very easily be done by refusing to answer the questions which he poses, and thereby instilling him with a fear to question.

And then we arrive at the third theory. We journey from the aspect of dereliction of parental duty through neglect to over-zealous educational duty by teachers, who impose too rigid a course for the child to conceive.

From the first moment that he is in the classroom, the child is lectured on the significance of success. This lesson is battered into his tiny brain, until he knows little else than that it is a terrible crime not to attain success.

The child is pushed early toward a vocation. He is asked what he would like to become when he grows into maturity. He is told that he must be-

come a success. Certainly success in achievement is necessary to every human being if he is to retain self-respect and formulate a well-balanced personality, but why do they cram this into the young mind. If the child were left to his own methods, he would sooner or later discover for himself that success in achievement is enviable. But is it only success in achievement that the child succumbs to? No! The child looks at success from a broad viewpoint. Success is success to the child. It means getting or doing something, and that is all. Who can say what success really is? And who can formulate a fool proof method of attaining it?

The child, in this turbulent time, feels uncertain, afraid, and insecure, whether from the pressure of world affairs, or from the neglect of his parents, or the over-zealous efforts of his educators, or from one or many of multiple other inherent designs on delinquency. The child feels cornered. He is being pushed from all sides, and from whatever, of numerous causes, ventures into some phases of anti-social activity, usually theft. The child has the success prattle imbedded in him, whether by educators or by himself, and he seeks to find success, or perhaps make up for lack of success which he sees in others — like success in the classroom or on the ball field. The child is going to find success and recognition in his own manner, by rebelling against society.

If the child undertakes the criminal constitute, then he will encounter others who are willing to accompany him. Soon they will form their own clique. The child will develop his own technique, and once he has developed this, he will be reluctant to depart

from it. The circle becomes wider and wider, until the child convinces himself that he is attaining the much coveted success in the only way practical to him.

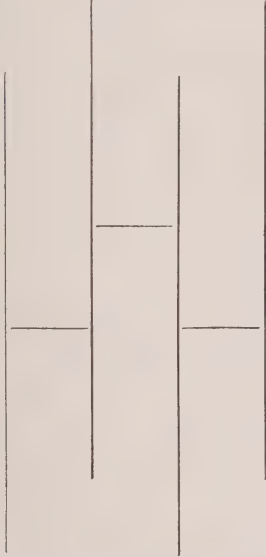
The different professions might appeal to the child, but they are a long way off in the distant future. They entail much hard study and work; they are also uncertain. He casts these aside in favour of that which he knows.

Finally the delinquent begins to plot. He begins to research; to improve his methods. He begins to idolize the criminal element wherever it appears — in movies or on the street corner. In his immature mind, crime is glorified, and this is a disaster. When this stage is reached, it is extremely difficult to redeem the child and resocialize him. The game of crime may, by this time, hold a sentimental or romantic influence over him, and he will find this difficult to break away from. By this time, the child has accepted faulty standards and values; he will not willingly learn another creed.

Each child, it must be remembered, is unique, and there is no one factor which is accountable for this uniqueness. Heredity and environment combine to create the personality of the child and the basic personality which he develops as a child, is the one which he must live with for the remainder of his life. This is one of the human structures which too many people disregard. Adults too often assume the lax attitude that if they let things go for a while the child will grow out of it. This, however, is one of the great fallacies. The child will never just grow out of anything, unless you, who are his exemplars, help him to do so.

Referring again to the juvenile problem, let us look to the city of Ottawa, where a unique organization was instituted for the express purpose of solving such problems.

Prior to 1959 the city of Ottawa was undergoing a great strain as the result of incidents caused by youths. There had been two teen-age gang killings, several teen-age stolen car rings, num-



erous housebreakings, and other types of teen-age crime, ranging from robbery with violence to riotous acts of savage vandalism.

In 1959 however, the Welfare Council of Ottawa was called in to study the youth problem, and as a direct result of this study, in January 1960, the Youth Services Bureau was established as a special section of the Welfare Council. This bureau is composed of appointed representatives from forty-five community organizations, all vitally interested in the youth problem.

YOUTH SERVICES BUREAU

At the initial meeting of the Youth Services Committee, attended by some forty delegates representing as many organizations, three significant decisions were reached. The first decision was to divide the larger group into the four following work committees: Youth Needs in Today's Society; Guidance and Treatment Services; Group Recreation Services; and Correctional Services. The second decision was to draft a statement of purpose which read as follows:

- 1 To study areas of immediate concern with particular reference to anti-social teenage activities, to examine implications for the community underlying these activities, and to present recommendations for action.
- 2 To study specific delinquency problems and the services required to cope effectively with them.
- 3 To explore how incipient problem situations can be identified at an early stage and how community services can be mobilized to help in a more integrated manner.
- 4 To study how services can be extended to the "hard to reach" — the so-called hard core families and youth — in both casework and group work fields.
- 5 To evaluate services for youth in such areas as counseling, vocational guidance, supervised living arrangements, and recreation.
- 6 To determine what permanent organizational pattern may be indicated to give continuing attention to Ottawa's youth problems and needs.

The third decision was to meet again as a full committee, as soon as the Work Committees had findings to report.

The purpose of this organization is summed up in the statement; "The Youth Services Bureau aims to help control and prevent delinquency, and assist juveniles and youth, who need special adult understanding and interest."

The institution of such a worthy and much needed organization manifests that the city of Ottawa, or more specifically, its citizens have recognized that there is a youth problem, and that it must be opposed. Unlike other parts

of Canada, the citizenry of our national capitol have banded together as citizens should, and have taken the offensive against an ugly part of our world. They cannot be contented with sitting back in their easy chair waiting for the problem to solve itself. No! The city of Ottawa may be justly proud of the citizens who uphold its principles. They are true citizens and not just citizens by name.

It is ever so refreshing to learn that there are such citizens; that they still exist. Canada needs more of these same types; people who are aggressive and willing to accept responsibility; citizens who are proud of their homes, and who are intensely interested in improving their community. The test of a true citizen might entail some self sacrifice, but the people of Ottawa have shown that they are ready to do what must be done. We hope that they will persist with their plan, desisting not until the problem is obliterated.

But what of the other citizens? What of all those others who pay their taxes? Is this the extent of their citizenship? Do their obligations end here?

Unless these citizens change; unless they follow the example set forth by the city of Ottawa, or something similar, their society's will experience a devastating increase in their youthful offender problem. It is only reasonable that if the parental generation retreats from such responsibility, they are inviting the younger generation to completely ignore it.

And let us remember that as much as we blame today's youth, so also must we blame ourselves, that is unless we have taken up the crusade against delinquency and other forms of social disease.

H U M O U R



A fellow walked into a cocktail lounge and said to the bartender, "give me a double. I'm going to have a fight and I'll need it."

He got the drink and gulped it down swiftly.

"Give me two doubles. This is going to be a terrible fight."

The bartender gave him the oversized drink and asked, "who are you going to fight?"

Throwing it down the hatch, the guy gasped, "You. I'm not going to pay you for the drinks!"

"All right," said the doctor, "now stretch your hands out in front of you." He was startled to see that the patient's hands trembled violently. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "how much do you drink?"

"Not much," replied the patient, "I spill most of it."

During a civil trial, an adverse witness preceded each and every answer with; "I think...."

The distraught lawyer demanded for the third time that the witness tell the court, "What you know and not what you think."

The witness quietly replied, "I'm not a lawyer; I can't talk without thinking."

Patrick, who was very fond of a dram or so, and sometimes imbibed too much, met his minister one morning.

The minister hailed Patrick. "Good morning Patrick," he said, "I was greatly surprised and delighted to see you at the prayer meeting last Wednesday."

"So that's where I was," replied Patrick.

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," answered his friend, "where's Asia?"

It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly, "that is one of the questions my father knows."

A man asked clothing tycoon Cliff Weber, "Why do you have an apple as your trademark?"

"Well," he replied, rubbing his hands, "if it hadn't been for an apple, where would the clothing business be today?"



MORTGAGE

MANOR

Suburbia, Ontario,
Blue Monday.

Editor,
The Diamond:

Dear Sir:

A recent issue of The Diamond announced a change in its management. The retiring editor expressed some surprise that a working newspaperman should volunteer his services as foreign correspondent of the magazine.

There is no reason for surprise. The Diamond is an unusual and interesting publication. Association with it confers a degree of distinction upon its contributors. It offers a freedom of comment rarely permitted by more orthodox journals.

The Diamond has amply rewarded me for the little I have done for it. It has been the means of satisfying my curiosity. I wanted to know what the men in Collin's Bay were like as *human beings* rather than as individuals imprisoned because they had broken the laws.

Not at all to my surprise, I have found that the men I met at The Bay could not be distinguished from people except that they wore rather unattractive uniforms with numbers on them. Some of these people were witty, intelligent and interesting. Others were abrupt, opinionated, sarcastic — in short they displayed no visible characteristics except their uniforms in which they differed from the populace at large, so far as I could see. Most of them, to be sure, were rather more mannerly than some of the citizens I meet from day to day.

My curiosity is not completely satisfied. I want to know if the men I have met at The Bay can surmount the difficulties their prison records will impose upon them when they return to everyday life. If possible, I would like to help reduce these difficulties.

One of the few ways in which I can give such assistance is to write for The Diamond. There is nothing notably altruistic about my efforts: they are a means of keeping in touch with the people who will eventually answer the questions in my mind. I hope the answers will be successful re-establishment and friendly acceptance in the law-abiding community.

If the men who are discharged from Collin's Bay can't achieve rehabilitation in society, I would like to know the reasons and what can be done about those reasons. Information of this sort should be given to the public so that better means of dealing with breaches of the law can be devised.

It is difficult to take the long view when one's field of vision is bounded by steel bars and stone walls, yet it is an inescapable fact that the human race has made progress in being human. Not so long ago, children were hung for stealing a loaf of bread.

There is a subject the prison inmate can examine within his limited horizon. Indeed, though the matter is seldom made clear to him, it is the very thought he is sent to prison to ponder: How would he react if he were the victim of the act of which he was convicted?

That, however, is something on which the prison chaplains have more right to moralize than any loud-mouthed, over-stuffed journalist.

Please accept my thanks for the space you have given me in your columns.

Yours truly,

Lex Schrag,

9 Collingsgrove Rd.,
West Hill, Ont.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Editor's Note: We have discontinued the Prisoner Potential articles because they were a failure. That is the sad truth of the matter. The advertisement to get jobs for inmates was apparently not taken seriously by employers. I guess that most employers think that an ex-inmate is a poor risk, and after all, that is their right.

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving your magazine for some time now and I enjoy it. I get a real kick out of your jokes, but think that the little men on the cover are even more humourous. I was just wondering if you had anyone pose for the artist. I guess some of the cartoons are not too far from wrong, eh?

Jim Beaton

Dear Sirs:

I read one of your magazines the other day in my doctor's waiting room, and was so interested in some of the articles that I walked out with it. I hope that I am not liable to be charged with theft, and to avoid this in the future, I am enclosing one dollar for a year's subscription.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ashley Thrush

Dear Sirs:

I have noticed that recently you are not printing the PRISONER POTENTIAL articles. Why is this? I always thought that they were interesting and might have done some good for the inmates in such places.

Yours truly
Mrs. Rita Kaye

Editor's Note: *We receive many subscriptions via doctors and lawyers. None of them have yet complained that an issue is missing, so I guess you are safe. However, we do feel that you made a wise decision when you purchased the Diamond.*